

NOV. NO. 31

HOPALONG CASSIDY

Starring
WILLIAM
BOYD

10¢

Color-Cell Illustration



IN THIS ISSUE:
**THE SMOKE OF
INJUSTICE!**





EARN THE FOLLOWING MORNING ---

HOPALONG, THE
BUSH ROOMED!
AN' SAID HIS
CLEANED OUT!

WHAT?! WHEN DID THE
ROOMER GO?

DURING THE NIGHT,
I RECKON! WHEN I
WAKE UP, I FOUND
THE SAME CROWN
AND ALL THE
MONEY GONE!

THAT MEANS THE CROWN
MADE A CLEAN GETAWAY
COME ON UP! I'LL GO BACK
TO YOUR BANKRUPT SIDE
WHAT WE CAN FIND!

THAT
JUSTIFY
ANY
CLUE
BROOD,
HOPPY?

I KNOW, MCCARTHY!
THE LOOK DON'T
LEAVE ANY --- BUT IT A
SECOND! MAKING ME
DO! THOSE LOOK LIKE
FOOTPRINTS IN THE
MUD OUTSIDE THE
WINDOW!

THEY'RE FOOT
PRINTS, ALL
RIGHT! THEY
MIGHT BE THE
CROWN'S!

IT'S A GOOD
THINK! I
WANT LAST
ROOM! THESE
FOOTPRINTS
MAY BE THE
CROWN'S!

DO YOU REALLY
DARE YOU GIM
FASH THE
CROWN FROM
HIS FOOT-
PRINTS?

IN THIS CASE YES!
LOOK AT THE SIZE
OF THEM! THERE
AREN'T MANY MEN
WITH FEET THAT
LARGE!

THAT'S RIGHT!
NOW WE KNOW
HE'S A VERY
BIG HORSE!

CORRECT! AND WE ALSO
KNOW THAT THERE'S AN X ON
THE SOLES OF HIS BOOTS!
THAT'S ALL! MAKE IT EASIER TO
CATCH HIM
TOO!

NOW LET'S START WADING DOWN THE RIVER, IN
THIS RIVER, THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN WHO'S THAT BIG
AND THAT'S THE BLACKSMITH WHITLOCK! BUT HE'S AN
HORSE! OTHERS SO THAT LEAVES HIM OUT!



HOPALONG CASSIDY





AT THAT MOMENT—

YOUR NAME IS OVER, YOU SHAME-
LESS CROOK! I SAW WHAT YOU DID
TO RESQUITE AND NOW I KNOW
HOW YOU OPERATE!



(GULP)
HOPALONG!

SO THAT'S WHY HOPALONG CAN'T
REMEMBER ANYTHING! YOU
DROPPED HIM WITH YOUR TOBACCO
SMOKE! JUST AS YOU DID TO THAT
POOR MAN IN A HORN
SALLET! AND YOU
USED THOSE BONES TO
THROW THE EVIDENCE
AGAINST THEM!



I FIGURED YOU WERE THE CROOK
WHEN HOPALONG TOLD ME THE
SAME STORY THE OTHER FELLOW
HAD TOLD! AND WHEN I HEARD
THE MESSAGE THERE I'D FOUND
OUT ALL WAS BLASTED OUT
AFTER TALKING TO A FINE SHERIFF-
ING DEPARTMENT, I KNEW YOU
WERE THE FORGER!



YOU KNOW EVERY-
THING, BROOK
BOY, BUT IT'S
NOT HORN TO
DO YOU ANY
GOOD! I'M
SETTLING OUT
OF HORN!



**CRASH! CROOK CAN
GET HIM!**

YOU DON'T THINK A LITTLE
THING LIKE THAT COULD HAVE
GOTTEN ME OUT OF
THE HORN, DO
YOU?



NEXT TIME TRY SOMETHING LIKE
THIS! DON'T THERE WON'T BE
ANY NEXT TIME FOR YOU!
YOU'RE GOING TO JAIL!



LATER—

THANKS FOR
CATCHING
THE REAL
CROOK,
HOPALONG.
AND
CLEANING
UP. I
SHALL BE
HAPPY ABOUT
THAT!



SO IS THAT OTHER HORNMAN IN
HORN VALLEY! THANKS TO
HOPALONG, HE'S FREE, TOO!

I DON'T DESERVE ANY
THANKS FOR FREEDOM
BROUGHT ME! MY
JOB IS TO CATCH
CROOKS!—AND THAT'S
WHAT I'LL TRY TO DO
FOR THE REST OF
MY LIFE!



HOPALONG CASSIDY

Starring
WILLIAM BOYD

and THE BUTTERFLY BONANZA

(A MESQUITE STORY)

SAVES ONE DEPUTY, KIDNAPS ANOTHER, AND A LARGE DOSE OF GOLD BRINGS THEM A DASH OF A WILD BUTTERFLY CHASE, AND THEM ALL TOGETHER AND YOU'LL HAVE ONE OF THE MOST HILARIOUS ADVENTURES YOU'VE EVER SEEN ON TV!











THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

YOU'VE GOT TO WANT
A HAPPY, SUCCESSFUL
ON ANYBODY. A-
SOMEONE HASN'T
IT BEFORE. THAT
IT ALL HAVE —



I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE A CHANCE
 OF THOSE COWBOYS GETTING ON
 MY TRAIL. I'M GOING TO BEAT
 IT BY THE RIVER
 BEFORE A SHORT
 DISTANCE
 HORSEMAN



...and the world is the world...

I DON'T KNOW HOW THE OTHER FELLOWS ARE DOING, BUT I'M NOT HAVING ANY LUCK! Sure, there's a BUTTERFLY, maybe IT'S THE FOGS! SO, I'VE DECIDED ONE, I'D BETTER CHANGE AFTER.



WHAT LUCK! IT STOPPED ON THAT BRIDGE.
HURRY, WHILE I CATCH IT.



IF ONLY THAT'S THE GOLD-
WINGED BUTTERFLY, GOT
HIM -- (GOLF) I KNOCKED OVER
THE PERSON.



1000



**HELP: HELP! I'M BEING
DRAGGED TO DEATH!**
— *ANITA*





HELP! (GROAN) I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING -- WAIT! I'LL JUMP OVER THE CLIFF INTO THE RIVER! IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!



GOING IN THE RIVER BELOW...

I KNEW IF I FOLLOWED THAT DEERLY DEPUTY HE'D LEAD ME TO A FAT CHUNK OF MONEY! BY THE TIME HE'D REACHED ABOUT THE TIME HE'D REACHED I'D BE FAR, FAR AWAY!



(GASP) I'M GOING TO FALL IN THAT CANOE! OOOOFF!

HEH! OOOOFF!



WHAT THE--HAW! YORE THE LOW-FLYING SHAKING POLICAT WHO SOLD ME THAT PHONY GOLD BRICK! NOY I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YU--AW! THAT LOOKS LIKE MY PAISED WATCHES AND WALLET!

(GASP)



I GET IT NOW! YU SENT US ON A WILD GOOSE, BR, I MEAN, BUTTERFLY CHASE SO YU COULD ROB MY PAIS. BEEHOOVES! WELL, YORE THROUGH ROSE-HO!

(GASP)



YU CAN'T TRICK YORE WAY OUT OF THIS, YU BAWDLING SKINK!

HEH!



LATER...

YU'VE GOT A TERRIFIC REPUTATION! HE CAUGHT THIS DEERLY DEPUTY WHO SOLD ME THAT PHONY GOLD BRICK! NOY I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YU--AW! THAT LOOKS LIKE MY PAISED WATCHES AND WALLET!

CONGRATULATIONS, DEPUTY! THIS IS THE CONFIDENCE MAN WHO WAS SELLING THOSE PHONY GOLD BRICKS IN ARIZONA VALLEY!

HE'S TALKING ME! WELL, I GOT MY FIFTY DOLLARS BACK AND THE OTHER IS GOING TO JAIL, SO EVERYTHING'S OKAY!



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SIX-GUN SIGHT

By John Martin

"**TOM**—Tom—get up!" Tom Milness' wife called. "The barn's burnin'!"

At his wife's cry, rancher Tom Milness leaped out of bed, jamming his pants on over his nightgown. On the window shade danced grotesque flame patterns. He threw up the shade while his wife donned a bathrobe.

"Oh, Tom," she wailed. "They're, after us for sure. Last night the bunkhouse. Now the barn!"

"If the barn goes, Mattie, we might as well clear out!" Milness' jaw tightened. "Fed's tight on the range since the drought." Tom threw up the window and shouted instructions to his bunkhouse outfit who were already pouring buckets of water from the well. Then his eye caught something beyond the barn. He lifted one of his hoglegs and fired instantaneously from the hip.

"I'm callin' Sheriff Masters on the phone," Tom told his wife. "Now I know that fire was set!" He watched the distant figure disappear.

A half-hour later, the Sheriff came thundering up with some of Tom's neighbors, hurriedly recruited over the phone. Everyone dismounted quickly and joined the bucket brigade. Slowly the fire began to recede. And soon it was out.

Tom Milness made a quick survey of the damage. He breathed a sigh of relief.

"It was merely barn that burned. We saved most of the hay," he said. Then he told the Sheriff of the figure he'd seen.

"Gee, you can get through the winter on what's left," his near-door neighbor, Mel Heinert, remarked, rubbing some out of his eyes. "In any case, we'll all help you, Tom."

Another neighbor, Abner Harkin, who had heard Tom speak to the Sheriff about the mysterious figure clapped a knotted fist against his palm.

"Anybody'd burn a man's hay barn ought to be strung up!" he growled. "If that fire had got out of control, Tom, she'd have run right through your whole spread; maybe through the entire county!"

Sheriff Masters stroked his chin.

"Somebody's tryin' to drive you out, Tom," he said, finally. "And I'm wonderin' if there's any connection between these fires and the wave of rustlin' up around Fredericksville."

"You got a good imagination, Sheriff," Abner

Harkin said, smiling and looking round the circle of neighbors with a look on his face as if to say: "Gee, the Sheriff's strung his knee this time!"

Masters glanced at Harkin.

"There's been stranger connections, Harkin," he said. "In fact—you haven't lost any cattle, come to think of it, though most everybody else here has . . . ?"

Abner Harkin went for his gun. The Sheriff heard himself staring into two ugly black muzzles. Then, with an odd laugh, Harkin held steady his hog-legs.

"They've shot you for a heap less," he said to Masters. "Even Sheriff."

"Didn't mean anything too personal," Masters said.

"Take it easy, boys," Milness said, stepping forward as pretension. "After all, none of you has lost anything much yet. Especially by fire, like I have. Let's go inside for some coffee." He waved them on to the kitchen door through which he could see his wife bending over the stove. "And by the way, Sheriff," he called out, after taking one last look at the barn for smoldering embers. "I'm comin' late town tomorrow to demand that a county investigation be started on this whole business. There's something deadly as dynamite goin' on in this valley!"

The following morning Tom headed for town. He jugged his eyes down the south road, in a hurry and not back to enjoy what he could of the ride. He enjoyed about a mile of it. Then, suddenly, as he looked up, his eyes were wide as they spotted something in a field not far off. Simultaneously several six-guns barked.

Whoooooing!

Milness' hat flew from his head. But he wasn't hurt. His body reacted instantly, eyes and ears searching for the source of the shots. Then his guns were out and coming defiantly. More shots answered him.

The rancher spurred his eyes down the road. But it was suddenly blocked by men on horses. The only clear path was behind him. Tom Milness took it, bullets ripping the air above his head. Minutes later he tumbled into his own ranchyard. Milness gasped. The whole western boundary was across, the dried stubble burning vividly. But the bunkhouse boys, directed by Mrs. Milness had saved the

house and barn again. They were already several thousand feet away, holding the flames back.

Milnes didn't hesitate. He ran into the house and called the Sheriff. He had time only to say: "Sheriff, high-tail it out here to my spread. All thousandaire's burned loose, and . . ." Then there was a sharp click in his ear. Milnes knew what that was; the wires had been cut.

A cattle of gunfire brought him outside on the double. Against the western horizon a line of men on horseback were laying down a barrage of gunfire against his own drake.

Whoaung! Whoaung!

Bullets plastered themselves suddenly in a crazy pattern around the deer jack. They were strips, he knew. He saw his man and even Mrs. Milnes behind cover, answering the fire.

The rancher ran quickly toward them, dodging from building to fence post to boulder. A wave of intense heat from the burning stable washed his face as he finally came up to his wife.

"They drove you back, Tom?" his wife asked, re-loading one of his spare guns. He nodded. "Who do you think did it?" she asked shakily, as she pointed to the burning fields in the distance. "That fire started not five minutes after you left."

"I've got an idea who's behind it," Milnes said grimly. "But I can't prove it—yet. We'll have to stand them off until Masters comes up. I hope he can round up a posse in time." He took aim and fired, then fired again. "Whoever it was, planned to do a repeat on the last two fires, really burn us out this time and also kill me. Probably wanted to keep me from getting to town!"

Bullets whined by over their heads. A half-hour passed.

"Here they come!" Tom Milnes cried suddenly. "Guess they figure they've got to finish us quick!"

His wife glanced over the low wall of fence. Men on foot were dodging through it recklessly, coming on fast, their guns spinning.

Then, suddenly, they **stopped**; they looked and ran for their horses bunched to trees far to the rear. Masters looked behind him and saw Masters thundering up with about half the available men in town. Whirling, he saw the now mounted attackers vanish over the far rim. Milnes hurried back to the house, mounting his own cayuse as the posse rode up.

"This way, Sheriff!" he called out. "I think I know where these slide-winders went!"

"Take the lead, Tom!" Masters shouted.

With Milnes at their head, the posse drove

down the south road. The rancher suddenly swerved down a side road. They drew up in front of a ranch-house. A man came out, aided by several others. Behind the house, Milnes saw other members of the outfit brushing down their heavily sweating horses. He pointed.

"They just got him, Sheriff!" he cried. "Look at those rags—they're **boaters**! Like locomotives. Guess everybody is right. I'll be responsible for the charges."

The man who had come out of the ranch-house had overheard. He tried to back through the door, but Masters covered him suddenly.

"Sheriff," Milnes said, "I charge Mel Heiner and his whole outfit with arson, rustling and attempted murder!"

Heiner went for his gun. The Sheriff's drawn six-guns roared. Heiner's gun went spinning.

"You can't prove a thing!" Heiner snarled.

Milnes pointed past the ranchhouse. A long row of trees acting as a windbreak effectively hid a stretch of ground a thousand feet long.

"See that line of trees, Sheriff?" Milnes asked. "I'll bet you'll find most of the cattle rustled around here corralled up there. You might even find the teams they were using to change brands."

The Sheriff did. He rode back through the crowd of Heiner's men who were already on their horses, heads **nod** bobbing them.

"How'd you know it was Heiner and his outfit, Tom?" Masters asked as they watched them ride off under guard of the posse.

Milnes pointed to a spot where Heiner's ranch adjoined his own. The fire had suddenly died out on a bare cut on Heiner's side.

"I didn't—**at first**," Tom replied. "Heiner had those stolen steers corralled behind the windbreak. He had to get them off to market—fast. But my spread was the only clear road to the next county and the markets. He needed it. That's why he tried to burn me out and then led on the abandoned spread."

Milnes smiled grimly.

THEY failed twice, trying to burn me out. They tried again, this morning. But I noticed some of Heiner's men **skidding** a job they'd started three days ago. I had thought nothing of it then, but I suddenly realized they were clearing out **stables** as fire wouldn't spread to Heiner's ranch. When they tried to gun me down it was **conclusive**!

"After I escaped," he continued, "they cut the phone wires." Milnes laughed, lighting a quip. "A little late, as it turned out."









HOPALONG CASSIDY *and*

JOHN WILLYS BURT

THE COVERED WAGON ESCAPE

NOW THAT MY BURNERS WERE IN JARD VALLEY IN CHIEF, I'LL BRID BACK FOR THE RIVER. I CAN'T LOOK AT THAT CRANE! SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED!

SAY, PARTNER, WHO'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT ABOUT?

A COUPLE OF PERSONS SHOT THE HORSEY AND RIPPED OUT OF GIL!



WHAT? SURELY PARTNER HAS SHOT?

THAT'S RIGHT, BURNER. WHEN AND WHERE HOLDING THE MOTORING BURNER'S HORSEY ON AND ESCAPED!



THEY'RE TWO OF THE MOST DANGEROUS BURNERS IN THE WEST! BURNER'S NAME TELL THEY'RE ON THE LOOSE!



YES, SAID IT! I'M GOING TO FOUND UP A HORSEY FROM TO AND TRY TO CATCH THEM!

I'M NOT GOING TO WAIT FOR THE HORSEY. THOSE MURDERERS MUST BE HEADING FOR THE RIVER BY WAY OF THE HILLS! I'VE GOT TO GET AFTER THEM RIGHT NOW!







HOPALONG CASSIDY



"GROSS! MY HEAD! BUT WHAT ARE I DOING HERE? (GASP) SOMEHOW I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE CLIFF! BUT THEY DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS LEDGE! ---LEGGY FOR ME!



IT MUST HAVE BEEN THOSE TWO BACKED HILLS WHO DID IT! THIS MEANS THEY WERE HEARD BY---WAIT! THEY MUST HAVE BEEN HEARD IN THE MIDDLE ALL THE TIME! OF COURSE, THAT'S WHY THOSE TWO PEOPLE WERE SO NERVOUS! WELL, I'LL FOR THAT!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

WELL, WE'RE SAFE NOW! AND NOW! WITH HOPALONG DEAD, WE'VE GOT SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT ANY MORE!



JUST THEN--- DON'T WORRY, GETTING IN THAT MINDSET, YOU'VE COME BACK TO JAIL!



NO, YOU DON'T! AND I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU'LL NEVER KILL ANYONE AGAIN!



I'M GETTING SAVED YOUR BREATH! YOU'RE NOT GOING OUT OF HERE!



---EXCEPT TO JAIL!



THESE PEOPLE ARE SAFE NOW SO I'LL TAKE THESE DESPERADOES BACK TO ARIZONA VALLEY TO STAND TRIAL FOR SHOOTING THE SHERIFF! A JURY WILL GIVE THEM THEIR JUST PUNISHMENT!



HILL BILLY STANDS HIS GROUND!



NO!

HO!

A-HA!

FOLLOW THE FUN
WITH

**FUNNY
ANIMALS**

COMIC
MAGAZINE

HEE!
HEE!

HAW!
HAW!

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FUNNIER
CHARACTERS!

and a
BARREL OF
LAUGHS
ON EACH
HILARIOUS PAGE!



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